

A
Pastoral Elegiac Glee.

A DIEU to the village delights,
Which lately my fancy enjoy'd;
No longer the country invites;
To me all its pleasures are void!
Adieu! thou sweet health-breathing hill;
Thou canst not my comfort restore;
For ever adieu, my dear vill!
My Lucy, alas! is no more.

She, she was the cure of my pain,
My blessing, my honour, my pride;
She ne'er gave me cause to complain,
'Til that fatal day when she dy'd!
Her eyes that so beautiful shone,
Are closed for ever in sleep;
And mine, since my Lucy is gone,
Have nothing to do, but to weep!

Could my tears the bright angel restore,
Like a fountain, they never should cease;
But Lucy, alas! is no more,
And I am a stranger to peace!
Let me copy, with fervour devout,
The virtues which glow'd in her heart;
Then soon, when life's sand is run out,
We shall meet again, never to part!

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